## E NATIONAL E

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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For the National Era. HYMN.

BY MISS PHEBE CAREY. I said, how shall I over tread The way my Saviour trod?

The shining hills of God?

For in our mortal pilgrimage, Temptation we must meet, And snares and pitfalls all the way

How shall my fainting spirit reach

Then the last words which Jesus spake To lost humanity, Came down the ages, to my soul,

Arise and follow me Lord. I believe! help thou my faith The way of life to see : The weakness of the flesh I feel, But I am strong in Thee

For the National Era. ILL-STARRED-PART SEVENTIL

August 19, 1851.

BY PATTY LEE. The hush of the Salboath evening bring over chapel, as the last light that burned about the sunset went out, and twilight opened ker dusky

wing, full of stars. The rumbling of the wheels that went down the grass-grown lane, now dragging heavily through some deep-cut rut, and now gliding smoothly along the level sward again, scarce disturbed the silence. The cattle that lay along the fence, chewing the cud quietly, their sleek backs gray with frost, looked up with instinctive recognition, and the blue smoke curled upward recognition, and the blue smoke curied upward from the old mossy and steep-roofed homestead, and the light (how far a little, candle throws its shone forth its welcome from the narrow and old-fashioned window. They were almost home-Uncle Peter and Aunt Jane-they had had a good visit, but still they were glad to get

Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's joyous bark Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw non

To sweet to know there is an eye will mark

effects, with his face turned away from his relance more if there were energy or manhood in im, though he secretly felt there was neither,

I might have been different;" for he was vexed and maddened against everything for being what he was. Circumstances above his ordering had shaped his destiny, as he thought, and so sat helpless and faithless, and let the current

judgments lean weakly in favor of ourselves. What is crime in another, in us is privilege or chance. Rules that are sacredly binding to others we may trespass if we will, for there is some sweet reservation of mercy for us that vio-lated justice seals away from others; and so we serrew and remorse, even to the steep edges of the grave, and pity us, oh! our Father, if we also dim the pure radiance of eternity. How

y, to shape its upward flight! Richard was sad, as I said; for a thousand nes over we may say to ourselves, Can my weak hands wrest out my destiny from the power of Omniscience? Can I warp circumstan-ces to my will? Can I be other than I am, and go yield to the sway of blind impulse? But a making itself felt above our stormy declamation Turn right about from the tempter, weal idler, and work—work diligently and earnestly, doing what your hand finds to do with your might—and the wicked one will flee away. No anded, is strong enough without work. If g come to a rock that you can neither blast reak, nor dig under, nor climb over, turn but work on, and by little and little you rill get forward, and each new step will give ew strength for the next, till at last you will riumph, even though it be not till that "hoary

at crowns extreme old age" shall have lossomed on your brow.

When the little journey was over, and the arriage stopped before the large red gate, lichard felt sadder than before—the monotony of his thought must be broken in upon—he must enconter new faces, and make some show of gratitude for the kindness he should receive. All this was painful to him, and so, in place of talking with his cousins, Joseph and Hannah, and listening to Aunt Jane's glowing account of Uncle Sammy Claverel's folks, as she made the ea and changed the butter-plate from one side f the table to the other, and rearranged the to have them, he stole out of the house and sat down alone on an open porch, though the air was quite too cold for comfort. The cribs and barns and haystacks looked not as they looked ne; and the scythes and siekles and saws articles in a little room in the wagon house;

and Uncle Peter seemed only semi-civilized. From the end of the porch fronting the south could be seen the little village of Medford, which lay some half mile away—clusters of white houses among the trees, gleaning lights, and one or two spires shooting up through the blue, were distinctly, seen, for the clear moonlight streamed broadle seen all. camed broadly over all.
There was to be the scene of his new efforts had not felt for a long time began to attach it-self to the place, and he wished it were morn-ing that his work might begin, though he had nothing to do except to nail the sign of Dr. Claverel to the gate post, for the public road was a quarter of a mile from Uncle Peter's

THE NATIONAL ERA IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SEVERTH mood, or in expectancy of some one, it was impossible to tell. Richard was half resolved to cross the meadow, and gain a nearer view, when Aunt Jane came to the door, and looking in every direction but the right one, exclaimed Where on earth is the boy ?" and as she saw him, added, "Come in; you will get your death of cold." And Richard went in and ate with better relish, and talked more than he had done for a month. Perhaps he didn't know why him self, very probably not; nevertheless, if he had not seen the lady in the moonlight, the humanizing sensations he now experienced would have had no place in his heart. Once or twice he was about to ask something relative to the cabin, yet hesitated, he scarce knew why. And at length, thinking to gain indirectly the knowledge he

What a thick woods you have at the north

"Yes," said Aunt Jane, and then proceeded to tell how a little neighbor boy had got lost there a few days previous, and that half the village had been engaged in the search; at village had been engaged in the search; at all of which Richard expressed great wonderment, adding, "It will not be left there much longer for boys to get lost in. I see there are some clearings eating into it already." But in this he failed as before, and went on to say that some sort of house stood close against the woods, if he were not mistaken; to which Aunt Jane replied, that he was not mistaken-that a hous stood there.

"It seems a desolate place. Any person liv-ing there?" asked Richard. Aunt Jane replied that no persons lived there, laying stress on the word persons—at which the young persons exchanged smiles.

"How do you like the view of our village by moonlight?" asked Uncle Peter; and Richard's

curiosity was left ungratified for that night.

His chamber chanced to be at the north end of the house, and, before retiring, he drew aside the curtain, and looked forth. The light was still burning brightly as before, and a sudden shower of red-sparkles issued from the low stone chimney as he looked, and ran hurning and glimmering, along the dark, indicating the world. Youths and maidens were crossing that the fire was not without tendance. He the green fields to the music of some rustic fell asleep thinking of the lady, and whether she were old or young, pretty or otherwise— concluding, of course, that she was neither old nor unpardonably plain.

The next morning after breakfast he discovered a small tree in the edge of the northern meadow, which he said wanted pruning very badly, proffering his services at the

It is not the season." said Uncle Peter: but Richard insisted that the season would make no difference, but that, in fact, he believed it was then the best season—and in a few minutes he had crossed the meadow, and was lopping off the boughs with alacrity, glancing now and then towards the mysterious earlier now and then towards the mysterious cabin.
There were roses and lilaes all around the
door, ivy trained over the wall, and jasmine about the window. The fence enclosing the house was of the rudest description, and just without stood the blackened stumps and trees of which I before spoke; neither was the yard itself entirely free from them, but here they were covered with vines of wild grapes, hops, look brighter for his coming; and as he sat on the little trunk that contained all his earthly beauty. Just now, they were all verderous beauty. beauty. Just now, they were whitened with the snow-flakes which had fallen during the "Seven years and five months and two three hours. Isn't it, wify?" window, and no other sign of life was discoverable, save the smoke which hung about the

but the task was completed at length; and it he had seen neightened, without enugenember his curiosity; and as he crossed the damp meadow homeward, he felt as much vexed as disappointed, and perhaps more so, when Uncle

Peter said—
"I think the tree is not much improved; be side, you have made your feet wet and your hands cold; but that is not the worst—you have nissed seeing the prettiest girl in the

village."
Pretty girls were nothing to him, Richar said: and going moodily into the house, sat by the fire with the newspaper, in which he affected to be completely absorbed. Presently Aunt Jane came that way, to see if

her yeast, which was in an earthen jar, and covered with all of the table, placed close in the corner, were not rising, and, beating it briskly

with the iron spoon, said—
"You asked, Dicky, something about the cabin across the field last night."
Richard merely said "Yes," without looking

up, and she continued—
"The young woman who lives there was see me this morning. She came in at one door the very minute you went out of the other." "Ah," said Richard, for he was too much

rovoked to say more.

"Just see how my yeast is coming up!" e. claimed Aunt Jane. "My work is getting all before me. I stopped to talk too much with Caty."
Much as Richard desired to know somethin

about the visiter, and if she were Caty, and wherefore she lived alone, he forbore to ask, so perverse is the human heart.
"Come, Richard," said Uncle Peter, as

Medford. Won't you go along? It will be beginning business, you know; and on the way we can tack up the sign."

But Richard said he didn't feel like going,

But Richard said he didn't feet like going, and so moped about all day.

Busily Aunt Jane kept about her work; everything was ready for her just as she was ready for it, save that her yeast did get a little before her. However, she said she believed the doughnuts would be all the better for that—and, to wards evening, when she fried them, expressed her conviction of the fact, asking Richard, as

here conviction of the fact, asking Richard, as she gave him two or three, on a little blue dish, if he didn't think so, too. He thought them very good—probably all the better for waiting, and concluded by saying—

"What good luck some people always have!"

"Yes," said Aunt Jane, "it's better to be born lucky than rich;" and she gave him another cake, telling him to keep his fingers warm with that, and go, like a good boy, and put up the sign; that he didn't know how soon Dr. Claverel might be needed. There was no resisting this kind appeal; and taking the warm cake in one hand and the sign in the other, he did as dikind appeal; and taking the warm cake in one hand and the sign in the other, he did as directed. When it was fastened to the gate-post, he stepped a little aside, and whistling a tone, looked upon it with some degree of pride, as the badge of his profession. While thus engaged, a light step, crushing the snow, arrested his attention, and looking up, he saw before him ayoung and seemingly pretty girl, though she was too much muffled in lood and shawl to enable him to judge very correctly. In one hand she held a small basket, and in the other two or three books. "Some school-girl," thought hand she held a small basket, and in the other two or three books. "Some school-girl," thought Richard. "I will see to which of the pretty cot-tages yonder she betakes herself;" and giving the innocent sign a smart rap with the hammer, as he wondered whether she saw him looking delightedly at his own name, he leaned against the gate to await her movements, having fixed upon the cottage with green blinds, "for, sure-it," he thought, "she cannot be walking far." Nor was he mistaken in this. The cottages stood to the east of the road, which was bor-dered on the west by the woods with the glear-

some neighboring fellow — caught the cold immer of the moonlight, and shivered to the assing of the wind.

In the midst of one of these openings stood a mail log cabin, from the little square window of which the light streamed very brightly. There seemed to be no buildings about it, and Richard marvelled to himself as to the character of the people who lived there. A narrow strip of meadow and a part of the clearing only disclosed to the east of the road, which was away from the road, and nearly opposite Uncle Peter's. One, two, three, of the pretty cottages are passed, and he began to think, "this is the second time, to-day, I have reconnoitred in vain," when, opening a gate in the edge of the forest, the young lady began to cross the field in the direction of the little cabin. His way now lay parallel with hers, and musing whether she were the Caty that lived there alone, he walked homeward, not forgetting to remark whether her walk was

the tea to steep; "but how should you know

"Caty Allen-rather pretty. Is that her "That is the name of the young woman that

lives in the cabin, if it was her you saw. But." added Aunt Jane, "she is not so very young either."
This last information didn't much please

Richard, and he replied that he should not think her so very old—not more than forty. "But," he continued, "how the deuce does she live alone?"

"It's a long story, and I must go and milk my cow;" and wrapping herself in what had once been her cradle blanket, Aunt Jane went forth, and the young man remained by the fire, listening to the singing of the tea-kettle, and in musing mood. He wondered why he didn't feel lonesome and home sick, as he always before had felt. He supposed it was because he was at Aunt Jane's; and then the village looked beauiful in the distance on the one side, and the woods on the other. He would not have that away on any account. It was the fine background of a glorious picture.

There was a noise at the door. Could Aunt Jane have milked the cow so soon? A loud-rap, as with a stick; and, opening the door, the person in waiting, a mechanic or laboring man of some sort, inquired if Dr. Claverel was in. Richard answered that was his name, drawing himself up with a sense of professional dignity upon which the stranger said—

"I want you to come down and see my we-man. She has suffered everything, I guess, with the toothache;" and, putting one finger in his mouth, he tried to show Richard which one he believed it was, and at the same time ndeavored to tell the various remedies his woman had applied in vain-"mustard plasters and hops steeped in vinegar; but now it had got to jumping, and just five minutes before she had concluded to have it drew."

With scarce a regret for the warm &r and supper he left, Richard was off. He found his patient a pale, little, nervous woman, who seemed, as her husband said, to have suffered everything. Nevertheless, she still persisted in saying, she would rather have her head taken off than that the Doctor should touch her tooth. and asking over and over if he thought it would

be painful.

"Slightly so," said Richard. "We can't draw teeth without giving some pain, but I have never had a patient make the least complaint of my manner of operating. Let me see the tooth, madam."

A little encouraged, and a little afraid of the

Doctor, the lady opened her mouth; and with-out a moment's delay the fatal instrument was applied, and the offender extracted, the young Doctor saying, as he presented it to view—
"You see it is no awful thing to have a tooth drawn. Is it, madam?"

"Now, wouldn't you have been sorry," said the husband, "if the Doctor had came, and you would not have had it drew?" and he patted her cheek, calling her a little coward.

"Have you lived long in these parts?" imagining, probably, they had not been married long, asked Richard.

"Seven years and five months and two days

blushing slightly. day you made the preacher the promise!"
"O, hush!" said the wife. "You have

"O, hush!" said the wife. "You have so many odd ways."

"Have I 1." said. 's rowy.

And Richard hastened to inquire whether there were much sickness in the village.

"Yes, sir," said the young man, "pretty con-siderable. She isn't well," indicating his wife

"She has never saw a well day since we have been here—and, touching his wife's somb with his riding whip, he said, "shan't the new Doc-tor come and cure you? Don't you want him to, if I want him to?"

It was soon agreed between them that the Doctor, who had so miraculously drawn the tooth, should call again in the morning, and continue his professional attentions till the lady should have quite recovered—the Doctor expressing the past sensoring borne of falls. pressing the most sanguine hopes of fully re-toring her health.

A new broom sweeps clean, is a saying that

A new broom sweeps clean, is a saying that finds its application every day. Here was an instance. A poor woman had been sick for seven years without obtaining medical aid, chiefly because she washed for the Doctor who had previously lived in the village, and knew the number of his socks and shirts, as also the color of all his neckeloths. That his medicine

color of all his neckcloths. That Air medicine could do her no good, it was very reasonable to believe; but when a new man came, there was no knowing the measure of his skill.

The lady repeated to all her neighbors the wonderful facility with which her tooth had been extracted, and affirmed that, though she died, nobody in the world should attend her but Dr. Claverel.

"I wonder if he can perform such wonders!"

said one to another.

And so patronage came into his hands, and fortune at last seemed to smile; but, alas, in the brightening twilight of the morning hung aid one to another.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE CAPITOL.

The work on the foundation for the two new wings of the Capitol is going on, under the efficient and most admirable superintendence of Samuel Strong, Esq., with great speed and vigor. No better stone-masonry work has ever before been executed in this country. It does "a firm and substantial man" good to look at it. The granite foundation walls are broad and strong, and look as if they might be everlasting. They are walls "as are walls." Three hundred perch of them are laid per day. The best sort of harmony prevails between the workmen and the superintendent. The latter is mild, yet firm; humane, yet rigorous to have every man do his duty. No superintendent was ever better liked by, or more popular with, the workmen under him, and none ever succeeded in getting more or better work done with the same number of workmen. Mr. Stramper far deserves great praise, and he revisit his scene of operations of the time Congress assembles, he wing the dation walls all finished and the superintendent.

walls all finished and to the restrictive com-menced.

Not \$25,000 of the last appropriation of \$100,000 have yet been aid out for excavating the vast amount of dirt, hich has been carted off, for the purchase of granite, cement, lime, sand, &c., and for laying the foundation walls, culvert walls, &c., to their present height.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Strong and Mr. Walter, the architect, and Capt. Easby, the able and efficient Commissioner of Public Build-ings, all act, in-their respective official capaci-ties, in harmony and good-fellowship with each other. This is as it should be. Success to all good men and good enterprises, say we.

good men and good enterprises, say we.

American Telegraph

THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE'S NEW VOCATION.—Sweeter, clearer, and more heavenly than her own most enchanting strains, are the kind pulsations of Miss Lind's heart, when its chords vibrate to be touch of the beautiful and the holy. The following is among the most recent of her kindly offices. The servant maid who had charge of the rooms she occupied at Clifton House, Niagara Falls, attracted her attention by her beauty, affability, and fidelity. It so happened that this young lady, by name Margaret Atkinson, was about to be married, and the news reached the good vocalist's care. She immediately purchased for her a becoming and beautiful trousseau, ear-rings, gloves, bounct, i.e., and with her own hands attended to her toilet on the morning of the ceremony.

There is no Queen in Europe that would not be proud of such a maid of honer on a similar occasion .- N. Y. Tribune.

> For the National Era. A SEA-SIDE THOUGHT. BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

Oh, thou blue Ocean, on thy breast Gay barks float idly by, By the soft summer winds caresaed, And smiled on by a cloudless sky.

But far away, beyond this tide Slow-besting on the shore, Where the great ships untrammeled ride And the long billows chafe and roar-Out on the great, wild, heaving Deep.

There riots many a storm.

And the fierce waters swell and sweep O'er many a heart once beating warm Oh, thou blue Ocean! who might guess, Gazing as I do, now
On you bright waves, whose calm caress

Goes murmuring round each graceful prow-That such dark secrets slept beneath These ripples fleeked with gold? That such wild tales of wreck and douth

Thy distant surges might unfold? So once on Life's calm brink I lay, A happy little child, Caressed by ripples in their play, While Hope's blue sky looked down and smiled

Alas, how little then I thought Of stormy seas afar, Where the great skies are tempest-fraught And the great billows sage and war!

Oh, wrecks of Hope, and Trast, and Love. That sleep Life's waves below, Where the wild seas have closed above, And left no trace of wreck and wee-

For Faith itself grows wild-Bring back to me the sunny sky That spanned me when I was a child ! Bring back the Faith, the Hope, the Glee,

That blest those days of vore-Bring back the heart of youth to me-Make me a little efild once more! In vain! oh, thou blue, restless Sea The Dead shall rise at last-

But what loud trump shall wake for me, The Loves and Hopes of that dear Past? Marblehead, Mass. [COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.]

For the National Era UNCLE TOM'S CABIN: LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE. CHAPTER XVII .- The Freeman's Defence.

There was a gentle bustle at the Quaker house as the afternoon down to a close. Rachel Halliday moved quietly to and fro, collecting from her household stores such needments as "If man should a fellow for the control of the co the wanderers who were to go forth that night. The afternoon shadows stretched eastward, and the round, red sun stood thoughtfully on the horizon, and his beams sione yellow and calm into the little bed-room where George and his child on his succe.

Both looked thoughtful and serious, and traces of tears were on their cheeks.

"Yes, Eliza," said George, "I know all you say is true. You are a good child—a great deal better than I am; and I will try to do as you say. I'll try to act worthy of a free man.

you say. I'll try to act worthy of a free man.
I'll try to feel like a Christian. God Almighty
knows that I've meant to do well—tried hard to do well—when when everything has been against me; and now Ill forget all the past, and put away every hard and bitter feeling and read my Bible, and learn to be a goo

"And when we get to Canada," said Eliza, "I can help you. I can do dress-making very well; and I understand fine washing and ironing, and between us we can find son live on."
"Yes, Eliza, so long as we have each

"Yes, Eliza, so long as we have each other and our boy. Oh! Eliza, if these people only knew what a blessing it is for a man to feel that his wife and child belong to him! I've often wondered to see men that could call their wives and children their own, fretting and worrying about anything else. Why, I feel rich and strong, though we have nothing but our bare hands. I feel as if I could scarcely ask God for any more. Yes, though I've worked hard every day, till I am twenty-five years old, and have not a cent of money nor a roof to cover me, nor a spot of land to call my own, yet, if they will only let me alone now, I will yet, if they will only let me alone now, I will be satisfied—thankful; I will work, and send back the money for you and my boy. As to my old master, he has been paid five times over for all he ever spent for me. I don't owe him

"But yet we are not quite out of danger,"
said Eliza, "we are not yet in Canada."
"True," said George, "but it seems as if I smelt the free air, and it makes me strong."
At this moment voices were heard in the outer apartment in earnest conversation, and

outer apartment in earnest conversation, and very soon a rap was heard on the door. Eliza started and opened it.

Simeon Halliday was there, and with him a Quaker brother, whom he introduced as Phineas Fletcher. Phineas was tall and lathy, red-haired, with an expression of great acuteness and shrewdness in his face. He had not the placid, quiet, unworldly air of Simeon Halliday; on the contrary, a particularly wide-awake and an fait appearance, like a man who rather prides himself on knowing what he is about, and keeping a bright lookout ahead—peculiarities which sorted rather oddly with his broad brim and formal phraseology.

"Our friend Phineas hath discovered something of importance to the interests of thee and thy party, George," said Simeon; "it were well for thee to hear it."

"That I have," said Phineas, "and it shows the use of a man's always sleeping with one

the use of a man's always sleeping with one car open, in certain places, as I've always said. Last night I stopped at a little lone tavern, back on the road. Thee remembers the place, Simeon, where we sold some apples, last year, to supper, I stretched myself down on a pile of bags in the corner, and pulled a buffalo over me, to wait till my bed was ready, and what

to myself a little, I found that there were some men in the room, sitting round a table, drinking and talking; and I thought, before I made much muster, I'd just see what they were up to—especially as I heard them say something about the Quakers. 'So,' says one, 'they are southern Sattlement, no doubt,' says

track we are going to-night; and they'll be good."
down after us, six or eight strong. So, now, Geo what's to be done !"

The group that stood in various attitudes, after this communication, were worthy of a painter. Rachel Halliday, who had taken her hands out of a batch of biscuit, to hear the news, stood with them upraised and floury, and with a face of the deepest concern. Simeon looked-profoundly thoughtful; Eliza had thrown looked-profoundly thoughtful; Eliza had thrown with a face of the deepest concern. Simeon looked-profoundly thoughtful; Eliza had thrown looked-profoundly thoughtful; Eliza had thrown will be a stand out with fatness—they have more stand out with fatness—they have more and glowing eyes, and looking as any other man might look, whose wife was to be sold at auction, and son sent to a trader, all under the shelter of a Christian nation's laws.

"What shall we do, George?" said Eliza "I know what I shall do," said George, as he stepped into the little room and begun examining his pistols.

"Aye, aye," said Phineas, nodding his head to Simeon ""thou seest, Simeon, how it will "I see," said Simeon, sighing; "the Lord

grant it come not to that." "I don't want to involve any one with or for me," said George. "If you will lend me your vehicle and direct me, I will drive alone to the next stand. Jim is a giant in strength, and brave as death and despair—and so am I."

"Ah, well, friend," said Phineas, "but thee'll need a driver, for all that. Thee's quite welceme to do all the fighting, thee knows; but I know a thing or two about the road that thee

"But I don't want to involve you," said George.

"Involve," said Phineas, with a curious and

keen expression of face. "When thee does inrolve me, please to let me know."
"Phineas is a wise and skillful man," said

Simeon. "Thee does well, George, to abide by his judgment; and," he added, laying his hand kindly on George's shoulder, and pointing to the pistols, "be not over hasty with these—young blood is hot."

"I will attack no man," said George. "All I ask of this country is to be let alone, and I will go out peaceably; but"—he paused, and his brow darkened and his face worked. "I've had a sister sold in that New Orleans market. I know what they are sold for; and am I going to stand by and see them take my wife and sel her, when God has given me a pair of strong arms to defend her? No; God help me! I'll fight to the last breath before they shall take my wife and son. Can you blame me?"

"Mortal man cannot blame thee, George.

Flesh and blood could not do otherwise," said Simeon. "Wo unto the world because of offences, but we unto them through whom the offence cometh. "Would not even you, sir, do the same, in my

"The Lord grant I be not tried," said Simon; "the flesh is weak."

"I think my flesh would be pretty tolerable

strong in such a case," said Phineas, stretching out a pair of arms like the sails of a windmill. "I ain't sure, friend George, that I shouldn't out the package."
hold a fellow for thee, if thee had any accounts always be eating."

the righteousness of God; but it goes sorely against the corrupt will of man, and none can receive it save they to whom it is given. Let us many the Lord that we be not tempted." that's all."

that's all."

"It's quite plain thee wasn't born a Friend,
said Simeon, smiling. "The old nature hath
its way in thee pretty strong, as yet."

To tell the truth, Phineas had been a hearty two-fisted backwoodsman—a vigorous hunter and a dead shot at a buck—but, having wooe a pretty quakeress, had been moved by the power of her charms to join the Society in his neighborhood; and though he was an honest, sober, and efficient member, and nothing par ticular could be alleged against him, yet the more spiritual among them could not but dis-cern an exceeding lack of savor in his devel-

"Friend Phineas will ever have ways of hi own," said Rachel Halliday, smiling; "but we all think that his heart is in the right place, after all."
"Well," said George, "isn't it best that

hasten our flight?"
"I got up at four o'clock, and came on with all speed full two or three hours ahead of them, if they start at the time they planned. It isn't safe to start till dark, at any rate, for there are some evil persons in the villages ahead, that might be disposed to meddle with us if they might be disposed to meddle with us if they saw our wagon, and that would delay us more than the waiting; but in two hours I think we may venture. I will go over to Michael Cross, and engage him to come behind on his swift nag, and keep a bright lookout on the road, and warn us if any company of men come on Michael keeps a horse that can soon get ahead of most other houses, and he could show that Michael keeps a horse that can soon get ahead of most other horses, and he could shoot ahead and let us know if there were any danger. I am going out now to warn Jim and the old woman to be in readiness, and to see about the horse. We have a pretty fair start, and stand a good chance to get to the stand before they can come up with us. So, have good courage, friend George—this isn't the first ugly scrape that I've been in with thy people," said Phineas, as he closed the door.

"Phineas is pretty shrewd," said Simeon.
"He will do the best that can be done for thee, George."

George."
"All I am sorry for," said George, "is the risk to you."
"Thee'll much oblige us, friend George, to say no more about that. What we do we are say no more about that. What we do we are conscience bound to do; we can do no other way. And now, mother," said he, turning to Rachel, "hurry thy preparations for these friends, for we must not send them away fast-

busy making corn cake and cooking ham and chicken, and hurrying on the et ceteras of the evening meal. George and his wife sat in their little room, with their arms folded about each other, in such talk as husband and wife have when they know that a few hours may par

them forever.

"Eliza," said George, "people that have friends, and houses, and lands, and money, and all those things, can't love as we do, who have nothing but each other. Till I knew you, Eliza, no creature ever had loved me but my poor, heart-broken mother and sister. I saw poor Emily that morning the trader carried her off. She came to the corner where I was lying asleep, and said, 'Poor George, your last friend is going. What will become of you, poor boy?

And I got up and threw my arms round her,
and cried and sobbed, and she cried too; and those were the last kind words I got for ten years; and my heart all withered up, and fel as dry as ashes, till I met you. And your lov ing me! why, it was almost like raising one from the dead! I've been a new man ever since! And now, Eliza, I'll give my last drop of blood, but they shall not take you from me. Whoever gets you must walk over my

"Oh, Lord, have mercy," said Eliza, sobbing.
"If he will only let us get out of this country together, that is all we ask."

"Is God on their side?" said George, speaking less to his wife than pouring out his own bitter thoughts. "Does he see all they do? Why does he let such things happen? And they tell us that the Bible is on their side; certainly all the power is. They are rich and healthy and happy; they are members of churches, expecting to go to heaven; and they get along so easy in the world, and have it all their own way; and poor, honest, faithful Christians—Christians as good or better than they—tians—Christians as good or better than they—tians—the properties of the word, and have it all their own way; and poor, honest, faithful Christians—Christians as good or better than they—tians—the properties of the word, and have it all their own way; and poor, honest, faithful Christians—Christians—the word, both jumped, almost flew over the forzen ground; but plainer, and still plainer, in the rear, on the brow of a distant hill, a party of men looming up against the red in the word, both jumped, almost flew over the forzen ground; but plainer, and still plainer, in the rear, on the brow of a distant hill, a party of men looming up against the red in the word, both jumped, almost flew over the forzen ground; but plainer, and still plainer, in the rear, on the brow of a distant hill, a party of men looming up against the red in the word, both jumped, almost flew over the faith sound of galloping horsemen beand."

In with yo

property, and get her delivered over to him to take South. They've got a right notion of the kitchen, "listen to the Psalm; it may do thee

za, wiping her tears, came forward also to lis-ten, while Simeon read as follows:

eyes stand out with fatness—they have more than heart could wish. They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression—they speak loftily. Therefore his people return, and the waters of a full cup are wrung out to them, and they say. How doth God know! and is there knowledge in the Most High?"

"Is not that the way thee feels, George?"
"It is so, indeed," said George—"as well a could have written it myself."

"Then hear," said Simeon: "When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me until I went unto the sanctuary of God. Then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them n slippery places, thou eastedst them down to destruction. As a dream when one awaketh, so, oh Lord, when thou awakest thou shalt espise their image. Nevertheless, I am coninually with thee; thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me by thy coun sel, and afterwards receive me to glory. It is good for me to draw near unto God. I have ut my trust in the Lord God."

The words of holy trust, breathed by the friendly old man, stole like sacred music over the harassed and chafed spirit of George; and after he ceased, he sat with a gentle and sub-

dued expression on his fine features.

"If this world were all, George," said Simeon, "thee might indeed ask, where is the Lord? But it is often those who have least of all in this life whom he chooseth for the kingdom. Pat thy trust in him, and, no matter what he falls thee here, he will make all right here If these words had been spoken by some easy

self-indulgent exhorter, from whose mouth the might have come merely as pious and rhetorical flourish, proper to be used to people in distress, perhaps they might not have had much effect; but coming from one who daily and calmly risked fine and imprisonment for the cause of God and man, they had a weight that could not but be felt, and both the poor desolate fugitives found calmness and strength breathing into them from it.

And now Rachel took Eliza's hand kindly, and led the way to the supper table. As they were sitting down, a light tap sounded at the door,

and Ruth entered.

"I just ran in," she said, "with these little stockings for the boy—three pair nice, warm, woollen ones. It will be so cold, thee knows, woollen ones. It will be so cold, thee knows, in Canada. Does thee keep up good courage, Eliza?" she added, tripping round to Eliza's side of the table, and arriving her warmly by the hand, and slipping toake into Harry's hand. "I brough a little rect of these for him," she said, tugging her pocket to get out the package. "Children, thee knows, will

"Oh, thank you; you are too kind," said all the fighting."

"I couldn't any way. I left John with the baby and some busing in the oven, and I can't stay a moment." will burn up all the stay a moment—will burn up all the biscuits, and give hall the sugar in the bowl. That's the does," said the little Quakeress, laughing. So good bye, Elizawas out of the apartment.

A little while after supper, a large covered wagon drew up before the door—the night was clear starlight—and Phineas jumped brisk.

y down from his sent to arrange gers. George walked out of the door, with hi Rachel and Simeon came out after them.
"You get out a moment," said Phineas those inside, "and let me fix the back of the

wagon there for the women folks and the boy.
"Here are the two buffaloes," said Rache "Make the seats as comfortable as may be; it' hard riding all night." Jim came out first, and carefully assisted out his old mother, who clung to his arm and look-ed anxiously about, as if she expected the pur-

"Jim, are your pistols all in order?" said George, in a low, firm voice. "Yes, indeed," said Jim "And you've no doubt what you shall do, they come ?

"I rather think I haven't," said Jim, throv ing open his broad chest and taking a dee breath. "Do you think PII let them get mother again?"
During this brief colloquy, Eliza had beer taking her leave of her kind friend, Rachel and was handed into the carriage by Simeon and, creeping into the back part with her boy sat down among the buffalo skins. The ol woman was next handed in and seated, and George and Jim placed on a rough board sea

without.
"God bless you," answered all from within.
And the wagon drove off, rattling and jolting ver the frozen road.

There was no opportunity for conversation

front of them, and Phineas mounted in front.
"God bless you all," said Simeon front.

There was no opportunity for conversation, on account of the roughness of the way and the noise of the wheels. The vehicle therefore rumbled on, through long, dark stretches of woodland—over wide, dreary plains—up hills and down valleys—and on, on, on they jogged, hour after hour. The child soon fell asleep, and lay heavily in his mother's lap. The poor and lay heavily in his mother's lap. The poor frightened old woman at last forgot her fears; and even Eliza, as the night waned, found all her anxieties insufficient to keep her eyes from closing. Phincas seemed, on the whole, the briskest of the company, and beguiled his long drive with whistling certain very unquaker-like

songs as he went on.

But about three o'clock, George's car caught the hasty and decided click of a horse's hoof coming behind them at some distance, and jog-ged Phineas by the elbow. Phineas pulled up his horses, and listened. "That must be Michael," he said. "I think

I know the sound of his gallop," and he rose up and stretched his head anxiously back over

the road.

A man riding in hot haste was now dimly descried at the top of a distant hill.

"There he is! I do believe," said Phineas.
George and Jim both sprang out of the wagon before they knew what they were doing. All stood intensely silent, with their faces turned towards the expected messenger. On he cam now he went down into a valley where they could not see him; but they heard the sharp hasty tramp, rising nearer and nearer-at la they saw him emerge on the top of an eminenc

"Yes, that's Michael!" said Phineas: "Phineas! is that thee?" Yes; what news-they coming

"Right on behind, eight or ten of then ith brandy-swearing and foaming like

many wolves."

And just as he spoke, a breeze brought the faint sound of galloping horsemen towards

"Well, Aunt Jane, I have put up my sign, and more than that, I have seen Caty."

"You don't say!" said Aunt Jane, arranging There is no Queen in Europe that would not property, and get her delivered over to him to heart's blood and groans and tears—and God smooth spoken, was to swear to her for his property, and get her delivered over to him to heart's blood and groans and tears—and God smooth spoken, was to swear to her for his property, and get her delivered over to him to heart's blood and groans and tears—and God smooth spoken, was to swear to her for his property, and get her delivered over to him to heart's blood and groans and tears—and God smooth spoken, was to swear to her for his property, and get her delivered over to him to heart's blood and groans and tears—and God smooth spoken, was to swear to her for his property, and get her delivered over to him to made it conspicuous at some distance, and a loud yell of brutal triumph came forward on the wind. Eliza sickened, and strained her child closer to her bosom; the old woman pray-ed and greaned, and George and Jim clenched their pistols with the grasp of despair. The pursuers gained on them fast: the carriage made a sudden turn, and brought them near a ledge a sudden turn, and brought them near a ledge of a steep overhanging rock, that rose in an isolated ridge or clump in a large lot, which was, all around it, quite clear and smooth. This isolated pile, or range of rocks, rose up black and heavy against the brightening sky, and seemed to promise shelter and concealment. It was a place well known to Phineas, who had been familiar with the spot in his hunting days, and it was to gain this point he had been racing

his horses.
"Now, for it," said he, suddenly checking his horses, and springing from his seat to the ground.
"Out with you, in a twinkling, every one, and
up into these rocks with me. Michael, thee tie thy horse to the wagon, and drive ahead to Amariah's, and get him and his boys to comback and talk to these fellows." In a twinkling they were all out of the car

"There," said Phineas, catching up Harry, you each of you see to the women; and run,

ow, if you ever did run!"

There needed no exhortation. Quicker than we can say it, the whole party were over the fence, making with all speed for the rocks, while Michael, throwing himself from his horse, and fastening the bridle to the wagon, began driving

it rapidly away. "Come ahead," said Plineas, as they reached the rocks, and saw, in the mingled startight and dawn, the traces of a rude but plainly marked

dawn, the traces of a rude but plainly marked feetpath leading up among them; "this is one of our old hunting dens. Come up!"

Phineas went before, springing up the rocks like a goat, with the boy in his arms. Jim came second, bearing his trembling old mother over his shounder and George and Eliza brought up the rear. The party of horsemen came up to the fence and with mingled shorts and with were dismounting to prepare to follow them. A few moments scrambling brought them to the top of the ledge: the path then passed be-tween a narrow defile where only one could walk at a time, till suddenly they came to a rift wank at a time. thi suddenly they came to a rift or chasm more than a yard in breadth, and be-yond which lay a pile of rocks, separate from the rest of the ledge, standing full thirty feet high, with its sides steep and perpendicular as those of a castle. Phineas easily leaped the chasm, and sat down the boy on a smooth, flat platform of crim white was that platform of crisp white moss, that covered the op of the rock.

"Over with you!" he called; "spring, now, once, for your lives!" said he, as one after an-other sprang across. Several fragments of loose stone formed a kind of breast-work, which sheltered their position from the observation of

"Well, here we all are," said Phineas, peeping over the stone breast-work to watch the assailants, who were coming tumultuously up under the rocks. "Let em get us, if they can Whoever comes here, has to walk single file between those two\_rocks, in fair range of your pistols, boys, d'ye see ?"
"I do see," said George; "and now, as this matter is ours, let us take all the risk, and do

George," said Phineas, chewing some checker-berry leaves as he spoke; "but I may have the fun of looking on, I suppose. But see, these fellows are kinder debating down there, and looking up, like hens when they're going to fly up on to the roost. Hadn't thee better give 'em a word of advice before they come up—just to tell 'em handsomely they'll be shot if they do?'' constables, and a posse consisting of such rou-dies at the last tavern as could be engaged by

ping a set of niggers.
"Well, Tom, yer coons are farly treed," said

little brandy to go and help the fun of trap-

"and here's a path. I'm for going right up.
They can't jump down in a hurry, and it won't
take long to ferret 'em out."
"But, Tom, they might fire at us from behind the rocks," said Marks. "That would be

ugly, you know."

"Ugh!" said Tom, with a sneer. "Always for saving your skin, Marks. No danger! niggers are too plaguy scared!"

"I don't know why I shouldn't save my skin," said Marks. "It's the best I've got; and niggers do fight like the Devil sometimes."

At this moment, George appeared on the top

of a rock above them, and, speaking in a calm clear voice, said—
"Gentlemen, who are you down there what do you want?"

"We want a party of runaway niggers," said
Tom Loker. "One George Harris, and Eliza
Harris, and their son, and Jim Selden, and an
old woman. We've got the officers here, and a
warrant to take 'em: and we're going to have
'em, too. D'ye hear? ain't you George Harris,
that belongs to Mr. Harris, of Shelby county,
Kentucky?" what do you want?"

Kentucky? "I am George Harris. A Mr. Harris, of Ken a free man, standing on God's free soil, and my wife and my child I claim as mine. Jim and his mother are here. We have arms to defend ourselves, and we mean to do it. up if you like; but the first one of you that comes within the range of our bullets is a dead man, and the next, and the next, and so on till

"Oh, come! come!" said a short, puffy man "Oh, come! come!" said a short, puffy man, stepping forward, and blowing his nose as he did so. "Young man, this ain't no kind of talk at all for you. You see we're officers of justice. We've got the law on our side, and the power, and so forth—so you'd better give up peaceably, you see; for you'll certainly have to give up at last."

"I know you see:

"I know very well that you've got the law on your side, and the power," said George, bitterly. You mean to take my wife to sell in New Orleans, and put my boy like a calf in a trader's pen, and send Jim's old mother to the brute that whipped and abused her before, because he couldn't abuse her son. You want to send limes and torkured. Jim and me back to be whipped and tortured and ground down under the heels of them that you call masters; and your laws will bear you out in k—more shame for you and them. But you haven't got us; we don't own your laws; we don't own your country; we stand here as free under God's sky as you are; and by the great God that made us, we'll fight for our lib-

George stood out in fair sight on the top the rock, as he made his declaration of inde pendence—the glow of dawn gave a flush to his swarthy cheek, and bitter indignation and

his swarthy cheek, and bitter indignation and despair gave fire to his dark eye; and as if appealing from man to the justice of God, he raised his hand to heaven as he spoke.

If it had been only a Hungarian youth now bravely defending in some mountain fastness the retreat of fugitives escaping from Austria into America, this would have been sublime heroism; but as it was a youth of African descent, defending the retreat of fugitives through America into Canada of course we are too well instructed and patriotic to see any hetoo well instructed and patriotic to see any he-roism in it; and if any of our readers do, they must do it on their own private responsibility. When despairing Hungarian fugitives make their way against all the search warrants and authorities of their lawful Government to America, press and political cabinet ring with applause and welcome. When despairing Af-rican fugitives do the same thing, what is it?

rican fugitives do the same let is.

Be it as it may, it is certain that the altitude, eye, voice, manner, of the speaker, for a moment struck the party below to silence. There is something in boldness and determination that for a time hushes even the rudest nature. Marks was the only one who remained wholly untouched. He was deliberately cocking his pistol, and, in the momentary silence that followed George's speech, he fired at him.